

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 26.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

Not a Salutory.

As this thing of writing salatories for *The Blade* every time she takes a fresh start, is getting to be rather monotonous, I will waive that formality in this instance and make the following explanation for the benefit of those who now see it for the first time, though, of course, the large majority of those to whom it will now go are such as have known it before.

This is now the third time that *The Blade* has started under my management, and if it proves that the "third time is the charm," it will not at all be because that proverb demands this, but because it goes this time on a financial basis much better than it ever did before.

In the two instances in which *The Blade* started before this, its prospects were probably as encouraging as any paper that ever started in this town, and it was growing daily in favor with men and good women, when I stopped it and returned to its subscribers, by check, the *pro rata* of the subscription money that they had paid me.

If you will pardon an explanation of my private business affairs, that I think has a good moral to it, you can understand how it was that I, being apparently a well-to-do man, did not use my own money and go ahead with the publication of a paper that seemed to be on the road to success.

Some years ago a series of financial reverses happened to me all at once. Generally I have been pretty lucky, but that time I struck a regular boom in bad luck. The first was that my house burned down and burned up nearly everything in it,—why the house goes "down" and the furniture goes "up," I do not know, but that is the way they write it,—and I had no insurance on it. Then I loaned a preacher, that I had ordained myself, some money, and he used it to run off with another man's wife, and wrote me a letter abusing me like a dog, and of course I lost it. I hope that money will be set to my account by the recording angel, as treasure "laid up in heaven," for my purpose was good.

Then I went security for a large amount and lost heavily, for my means, but that has been kindly repaid me in the last few years.

Then I built a flour mill in Lexington and bought a little one in the county, and lost on both of them.

Then I remembered the scriptural precept that says, "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than a heathen Chinee," or something like that, and so I paid all my debts, pocketed all my losses, and gave everything I had, excepting a lot in the cemetery here, to my wife and children, against the protests of the former, and to the kind and generous regrets of the latter at this day. But I believed I was right, and am now glad of it; but, of course, under such circumstances any honest man—and they say I am built that way—would be very chary about getting into his hands the money of other people.

The first series of *The Blade* was in the interest of good morals generally, and in the abstract. Its style of presenting things was not as sedate and serious as the average Sunday school journal, and I succeeded in sugar-coating stern morals with some essays at humor, and which, more from the contrast with the

ordinary way of advocating morals, than any intrinsic merit in them, made a good many people laugh, and my article against "profane and legal swearing," as illustrated by my experience with a calf that got into my sweet potato patch, was a literary "ten strike" such as I never expect to make again, now that my powers of depiction are growing into the "sear and yellow leaf" of senility.

One cause of my discouragement with the first issue of *The Blade* was an onslaught I made on Sam Jones. Sam was in the zenith of his popularity. I knew he was a fraud and a snare and a dead beat and a body-snatcher, and I was fool enough to say so. There were lots of these old religious hypocrites and pious frauds who have not half as much religion as a hen's horse, and who always want to make themselves "solid Muldoons" with the sanctified, by skinning some fellow whose religious notions are out of the beaten path.

All of these fellows had been watching me from the first issue of *The Blade*, as they knew my weakness, and as soon as I bounced Sam, they swarmed all over me like bumble bees in a hayfield, harvest before last. Now, however, I can blast him and old Talmage too, and make friends by it, though both of them are outspoken Prohibitionists. They are both for the bottle, and I have got more real Simon-pure religion in my heart and in my brain than a regiment of such cattle. That sounds like egotism. That's what was intended for. If I were going to amend the "Sermon on the Mount," I would add to the list of the "beatitudes," "Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet; for verily I say unto you, he shall not be blown."

The trouble with me, as my friend and neighbor and backer, Major Thomas, suggests, is that I am a "little previous" in all my ideas. I have pretty respectable company in that kind of martyrdom. Colonel Billy Breckinridge once walked around here for a year or so, looking as mournful as if his mother-in-law was dead, because he was so imprudent as to tell, too long before-hand, that the negroes would some day testify in our courts.

I was fired off the staff of *The Press* here once for blowing up old Talmage, and that and my tirade against Sam Jones put me under an ecclesiastical ban from which I am just now emerging, with the best preachers in Lexington backing me, though I have, orally and in writing, more openly professed my fealty to Jesus of Nazareth, than any nun in the city who did not get paid for doing so.

Before I forget about it I want to say that the giving of my property to my wife and children, while it would probably have left me somewhat in the soup, had I been left a widower with marrying proclivities some years since, is now such a source of comfort to me that I commend it to others.

My second series of *The Blade* was still in the interest of good morals, but with Prohibition as a basal principle; my experience being that liquor was the source of an immense percentage of the immorality and consequent unhappiness of our land.

This present issue starts out in that same line of thought, with all of my former convictions intensified by what has occurred since *The Blade's* last suspension.

I do not believe that any journalist in the State ever had as singular an experience as I did when I last hung up *The Blade*, with tears in my eyes and heart, and went back to digging and plowing the ground.

Preachers and College Presidents and Professors; the most

earnest Christian men and women, and the most intelligent Rationalists, men and women, and some of whose politics or religion I as yet know nothing, also race-horse men, and also the only man connected with any saloon in Lexington who has the entree to good society, with the proprietor of the biggest and finest distillery in the Bluegrass region, so far as I know, all came to me and proposed to help me with their money, and every one of them, except one, to whom I have not applied because I did not think it was right to take a distiller's money and use it as a stick to break his own head, has put up his money, like a little man, as he said he would, when I went to them to get the stock for the Company which now backs *The Blade*.

The newspaper fraternity, like everybody else, are liars when it is to their interest to lie; so that I will give samples of all of these, who are easily accessible and may be consulted by those who want to see if there is any stuffing in my statement.

Among clergymen there are Reverends McGarry and Matthews, the first presiding as Chairman of the Council that fired me out of the church as a heretic. Since then other ministers have given me their money, the only one who declined to do it on my application to him, being the Reverend Lloyd of Georgetown, who is a fire-eating Prohibitionist and who complimented me in a sermon, not long ago, at Georgetown.

He blushing apologized for not wanting to support *The Blade*, by stating that his wife and all the children and himself would read it in spite of him, and he thought he noticed in the whole family a disposition to turn heathen, that might ultimately result in their all joining the Chinese. I think the gentleman was consistent, and I like his candor. When a man feels like his faith is pretty shaky at best, he can not be too careful. A man that thinks he is living in a rickety house, don't want to be fooling with a cyclone.

As samples of College Presidents, there was President J. T. Patterson, and since then Charles Louis Loos, with H. B. McClellan as an incorporator.

Among the race-horse men are Major B. G. Thomas, the great apostle of the turf in Kentucky, and Milton Young, and the Strauses, and W. C. France. The gentleman who, as proprietor of the Phoenix Hotel, is interested in its saloon, the largest and finest one in the city, is J. H. Davidson, and the owner of the distillery is the Honorable Richard Stoll.

As a sample of a man, of whose religion and politics I do not to this day know anything, is R. B. Metcalf, then the owner of the street railroads here, of whom I only knew in that connection and as a subscriber to *The Blade*, and who volunteered to tell me he would give me fifty dollars, to start it again, and as he has since done. He simply said to me, "I like your politics and your religion."

As to those outside of the pale of orthodoxy, of course I am not going to call any names, but a woman who has done more for Prohibition and her sex than any woman in the State, sends me her money for her stock in *The Blade*, before I asked for it, in a letter which has a text from the New Testament printed at the top of it, and in which she says that "The Rational View" lies on her table as a hand-book.

It's a funny old world for a fact. I think *The Blade* now may be regarded as having come to stay, unless some of these whisky bunnies kill me, or scare me so bad that I will be afraid to talk. Of course they can do the first, but nobody has ever yet done the latter, although a saloon-keeper Alderman of this city, with a big strong specimen of his friends present, has, while I was the invited guest of his house, violated the laws of hospitality as a Fee Jee islander

would not do, by informing me that I was liable to get "knocked in the head, or turned and fentled," with a tone that indicated that the wish was father to the thought.

I got the money that I thought necessary to run *The Blade* and the advertisements that appear in it, representing none but the most reliable houses in the city, though of course there are other good ones not represented here,—all with the least possible trouble.

Subscribers are taking my paper at \$2 a year now just as readily as they took it for one dollar before, and by the assistance of my old lists, I will say, for the sake of advertisers especially, that so far as I can be informed, of the three principal advertising agencies here, *The Transcript*, *The Press*, and *The Leader*, my circulation will begin about twice as large as the weekly circulation of one, about the same as that of another, and probably less than that of *The Leader*, which, though handicapped by its advocacy of Republicanism in a Democratic county, is forging away ahead of the other two, because it is against the liquor-stinking politics of this city and region, and because the Democrats who give tone to a paper are tired of the particular kind of Democracy that is running the show here.

I say this, never having voted the Republican ticket in my life, and never expecting to do so. The people who take *The Blade* are socially, intellectually, morally and financially, immensely above the patrons of any paper in the State, taken as a whole.

The Blade now occupies perhaps the handsomest office and printing outfit in the city of Lexington, at No. 53 East Short Street, and its latch string hangs out to any man or woman, who, by any means, is trying to advance the morals of our country.

The gentlemen and ladies who incorporate *The Blade* and who are its stockholders, give it their support with the one common purpose of advancing the morals of the country by political purification, understanding that I am to edit it, and that I am and have been a Democrat from way back, with all my might, and soul, and strength, and my neighbor as myself.

These ladies and gentlemen represent all shades of political faith, and are indiscriminately Democrats, Republicans and Prohibitionists.

They are the very *crème de la crème* of our best and most valuable people.

The incorporators are as follows: Rev. William H. Felix, Dr. B. L. Coleman, Rev. R. T. Mathews, W. B. Hawkins, W. D. Bryant, J. A. Curry, Dr. Robert Peter, Rev. W. F. V. Bartlett, John W. Berkley, J. B. Simrall, E. D. Sayre, Pres. H. B. McClellan, Moses Kaufman, W. E. Hilber, and Charles C. Moore.

The stockholders are as follows: B. L. Coleman, R. L. Willis, E. D. Sayre, J. D. Hunt, Joseph S. Woolfolk, J. W. Berkley, James M. Graves, B. C. Hagerman, B. F. Williams, Anonymous, A. B. Chinn, B. P. Carpenter, M. Kaufman, R. T. Slade, W. L. Atkins, J. T. Patterson, J. T. Tunis, W. G. Thompson, L. C. Price, S. V. Fry, D. H. Beatty, N. P. Cochran, W. H. Felix, J. B. Simrall, Milton Young, R. de Roode, W. D. Bryant, J. M. Beasley, R. T. Mathews, J. R. Williamson, W. E. Hilber, Joseph Le Compte, Mrs. H. M. Whitney, R. B. Metcalf, W. S. McChesney, D. D. Bell, W. D. Richardson, William W. Pelt, W. F. Rogers, B. G. Thomas, W. T. Withers, John S. Phelps, Claude Buckley, McCann & Price, Charles W. Moore, F. O. Young, S. L. Van Meter, Robert Peter, George M. Ockerford, H. C. Payne, H. M. Skillman, C. F. Brower, J. E. Keller, W. F. Galbreath, William S. Marshall, Jr., H. P. Hendley, W. L. Elmore, W. O. Sweeney, J. W. Coleman, W. W. Eschell, Roger Williams, Jas. A. Curry, William H. Warren, George W. Hendley, John Steele, W. C. France, C. M. Johnson, G. M. Brooks, Barton S. Coyle, John T. Wood, A. I. Oats, William Peatt, James A. Keiser, Patrick Dolan, James McCormick, Alexander Jeffrey, E. S. Muir, C. H. Stoll, D. H. James, H. S. Reed, W. B. Hawkins, J. W. Sayre, George H. Whitney, W. H. Graham, James M. Coyle, J. M. Logan, H. S. Atkins, W. M. Moore, Mrs. Mary M. Brent, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, L. & G. Straus, A. M. Harrison, W. H. Thompson, B. J. Treacy, C. H. Woolley, J. Q. A. Hayman, E. L. Price, Russell Wilson, Charles L. Loos, John T. Nutter, E. S. Riggs, John T. Shelby, David C. Vance, O. S. Poston & George Handy, J. O. Dedman, W. W. Goddard, James R.

Haley, Robert Nutter, George M. Coyle, J. C. Wallace, Thomas W. Moore, J. D. Yarrington, G. M. Moore, Grandison Smith, A. Kennedy, J. H. Davidson, J. N. Wilson, D. C. Logan, H. A. Guthrie, F. M. Smith, W. T. Picklin, D. A. Morton, Ben Miller Osborn, and J. J. Rucker.

THE BLADE
Versus the Honorable Charles J. Branstetter, James H. Mulligan, et al.

In thus announcing the opposition of *The Blade* to the gentlemen above mentioned, who have been honored by high official positions in the community, I will say that I have against them no personal grievance other than such as I have suffered in common with other citizens of this community as the result of their private and official derelictions. They have been personally kind to me, and have been, one or both, patrons of *The Blade*. Of course I regret the necessity for such opposition, as it is much more congenial to my taste, and is accompanied with less wear and tear on my brain and emotional nature, to write pleasantly rather than censoriously, of any one, if the facts will allow me.

But I should feel myself remiss to my trust if I did not use every honorable and just means at my command to break the spell which these officers of the law exercise over the people of this country, and which, like the song of the siren, is wooing them on to moral and financial ruin.

In assuming this attitude toward these gentlemen I believe that I am reflecting the sentiments of the gentlemen who have contributed of their means to the support of *The Blade*.

Though I do not want to pose as a Putnam or Cincinnati, or any of that notable list of defunct heroes of their ilk, it is a fact that I was literally following in the furrow of the plow when there came to me, at the same time, two messages from different parties asking me to come to Lexington to take part in a journalism that was to oppose the political corruption of this city and county, and from them the whole State of Kentucky, in which corruption the parties above named were regarded as the "head and front of the offending;" not that they were necessarily and inherently worse men than others engaged with them, but that they furnished the brains which pulled the strings which made the others act as the puppets of their bidding.

An expression of indignation against these parties has come to me from gentlemen representing the finest, the most intelligent and moral society of this community. Their language has expressed the most unqualified indignation.

To the career of my forefathers, who have lived in this community such lives as I am proud of, I have attempted to add a reputation which is blameless, and which no man, so far, has successfully assailed, and I have reared my children into a proud emulation of their virtues.

It is said that the blood of the Argyles and of Robert McGregor courses in my veins, and as he stood on his "native heath," so I am here "to the minor born," and this is "my own, my native land."

In the seclusion of my country home I have tried, as far as in me lieth, to live peacefully with all men. But even this remote seclusion has been invaded by the unjust machinations of these men, and the blood of McGregor, mixed with that of Barton W. Stone, boils in my veins with righteous indignation, at the thought that interlopers are thus to rob me of my birthright, and, for it, leave me less than the mess of boarding house hash that Esau got.

Mr. Branstetter is justly regarded as one of the brightest intellects of this community, and as a Commonwealth's prosecuting attorney, if he had a moral quality commensurate with his genius, he would stand almost peerless; but his magnificent intellectual endowment is but an edged tool in the hands of a madman.

Judge Mulligan is a bright man. His humorous oratory has often swept the cobwebs from the brains of court attendants, and in journalism he is the only man in this town who has ever put any good wit into print, and he has

(Continued on fourth page.)

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

12 East Main Street.

BEST PLACE IN THE CITY ON Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Domestic & Notions.

FINE WOOLENS and SILKS A SPECIALTY. PRICES WAY DOWN.

A grand stock of cheap and fine Notions always on hand. Give us a call and secure prices.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

Successors to ED. S. RIGGS.

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

NEW FALL GOODS!

CASSELL & PRICE,

Are Head Quarters for Everything New and Stylish in the Dry Goods and Notion Line.

ELEGANT DRESS GOODS,

NEW STYLE CLOAKS,

Underwear and Hosiery, Blankets, etc.

All of which can be had at the very lowest prices, as they never allow any one to undersell them.

LOCATION, 16 & 18 WEST MAIN STREET.

THOMPSON & BOYD,

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RACE AND TROTTER EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

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COMING THROUGH THE RYE!

This is a living illustration of the advisability—when you can't do any better—"coming through the rye" for a suit to replace the one stolen while you are bathing. It is a positive blessing to lose a suit when you can substitute for it a much better one for \$15.00 at the

One Price Clothing House,

M. KAUFMAN & CO.,

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ROBERT KENNEDY,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all Kinds of

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A General Banking Business Transacted. Special Attention given to Collections and all Correspondence.

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

Entered at the Lexington Postoffice as second class matter.

ISSUED ON SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Charles P. Moore
Editor

The Lexington Transcript
HAPPY OVER THE APPOINTMENT
OF ANOTHER SALOON MAN.

The following is from the Lexington Transcript of September 15, to which I invite a dispassionate reading by the public, before reading my comments:

The New Coal Oil Inspector.

Judge P. P. Johnston yesterday appointed Mr. Chas. B. Gilman, coal oil inspector of Fayette County, to succeed Mr. W. L. Yeltman, whose term expires on the 15th inst.

Mr. Gilman has lived in Lexington for many years, and is thoroughly identified with the city. He is an enterprising business man, and his record as a gentleman and as a Democrat goes without question. He has a large number of friends in all parts of the city and county, and his appointment will give general satisfaction. In fact no better man could have been selected for the place. The appointment comes in the nature of a very great compliment, considering the number of estimable gentlemen who were applicants for the place.

Judge Johnston has a happy knack of making appointments that are acceptable to the people, and in this case he has fairly outdone himself. Mr. Gilman will make a faithful officer, and the community will applaud the action of Judge Johnston in recognizing him.

Mr. Gilman, the happy subject of the foregoing eulogy, is a saloon-keeper on the corner of Mill and Water Streets. His business house is adjacent to that unbragging contiguity, the moral atmosphere of which is such that Aldermen Tracey and Simrall have lately proposed to clean it out.

I do not remember that I ever met Colonel Gilman, to know him, in my life. In this, from the Transcript's account of him, I seem to have been unfortunate.

As a newspaper man I have frequently had occasion to meet people in their private houses and also at public gatherings, in very handsome surroundings, as the parlors of the Phoenix Hotel, for instance, who were met for the purpose of getting up the charity institutions of our city, or to arrange about lectures, or music, or schools, or art galleries, or libraries, or things of this kind. I suppose, however, that they were generally a kind of second-class society, with which Colonel Gilman, for those little reasons that high-toned people have a right to keep to themselves, did not care to mingle, else I might have had the honor of the Colonel's acquaintance.

These people that I allude to were such folk as Mrs. Judge Woodward, Mrs. Dan Saffarins, Mrs. S. A. Charles, Mrs. Charlie Voorhies, the banker's wife, Mrs. Ballard, and Miss Peter; and then such men as the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, and Edmundson, and Estlin Keller, and Andy Campbell, and Will Sayre, and others of that kind; all very clever people in their "proper sphere," as the lamented Artemus Ward used to call it, but then after all that is said about men's being born "equal," we have to admit the fact, if not the necessity, of social estates; and in men, as in oysters, there will always be "selects" who, like Col. Gilman, an eagle among buzzards, will "soar above the carrion crew and go to bathe his plumage in the sun."

Col. Gilman is alluded to as a "business man" of the first water—if so mild a fluid may be mentioned in connection with a Lexington saloon-keeper. My experience was that his methods in that line were perhaps a little peculiar. I was collector for the Transcript, and Colonel Gilman owed the Transcript \$2.50. I called at his saloon for it. Somebody, that I suppose was his confidential clerk, reported that the Colonel was at Saratoga at the races. I bowed myself out and called again. The next time he was in Boston, and the next in New York, then St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Detroit, Birmingham, New Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, St. Paul, Nashville, Mexico, &c. It was always represented that the Colonel had been there since I had called before, but had just gone the day before I called.

One day I alluded to this fact as a remarkable coincidence, and a great big fellow that weighed about two hundred and fifty, mistaking my innocent suggestion as a reflection on his "truth and veracity," said that I had better get out of there p. d. q.

I am naturally a fast walker, and as I was in something of a hurry anyway, he did not have occasion to repeat it. Of course I did not go back, but as a business transaction

I tried afterwards to estimate how much that \$2.50 bill had cost the Transcript. I was getting \$65 a month, and I calculated that the time spent on Colonel Gilman cost the Transcript \$15, and cost me individually 45 cents wear off a \$3 pair of shoes.

There were other saloons that owed the Transcript, but I never had any trouble with the others; the Editor had another way of liquidating them. He and Judge Soule Smith would start out about twelve o'clock every night. They would pass by Gns Jaubert's because he was an Alderman, and the Judge, being an Alderman also, seemed to be afraid of Jaubert's samples. But they would start in at Tabe Lee's, he being a nigger, and they would go ahead until they would get even on seventy-five or a hundred lines of "locals" at five cents a line, but by the time they would get down to Colonel Gilman's, they would get so that they could not liquidate worth a cent, and in that way the Colonel got ahead of the Transcript.

Though I do not know the Colonel, as I said, I hope Judge Johnston will allow me to join in this enthusiastic "laudation" that comes up to him from all over the country. I was educated in Old Virginia, and my father came from there, and I know that anybody who writes F. F. V. after his name could only be actuated by the highest motives of patriotism in appointing the Colonel to this office, and not by any "reciprocity" scheme, like that of Brother Blaine lately in the South American matter; it being a fact that Colonel Gilman, belonging to the saloon business, the most respectable and influential business in this city, would be likely, in turn, to boost Judge Johnston, when the Judge wants something better than the saloon which he now holds.

It is true that the high-toned Colonel Gilman may never have seen a gallon of the plebeian oil that he is to inspect, but his large acquaintance with "Benzine," of which I hear frequent mention in saloon circles, would, of course, give him a natural aptitude for coal oil. And then the fact of the Colonel's being a "Democrat," as the Transcript justly emphasizes, as an evidence of his competency, shows that he must have intellectual and educational abilities that would fit him for any emergency.

Ordinarily a knowledge of chemistry would be regarded as an element of competency for coal oil inspector, and some mind not so far reaching and comprehensive as that of Judge Johnston, "would have appointed some such man as Dr. Peter, the most eminent chemist in America, or Dr. Simrall, or Overstreet, or T. B. Wood, all professional chemists; but all of these men have helped the Blue-Grass Blade with their money, and are consequently offensive to the saloon element, the sentiment of which latter class of society Judge Johnston is, of course, too considerate to offend.

The management of coal oil inspection, to mere laymen, is peculiar. Dr. R. J. O'Mahony, a French gentleman, as his name indicates, who was born in Cork, was lately coal oil inspector here. It would be rude for me to say that the Doctor ever gets drunk, but as newspaper reporters, the Doctor and I have been chums for years, and I would simply say that the Doctor is an incessant and excessive drinker. His normal condition for the twenty years that I have known him has been such that he could not have told coal oil from water, if he had had the whole laboratory, out at the State College, at his disposal.

At pretty regular intervals here when I have been working on these Democrat newspapers they would fire me out because I would say something about religion, that would raise Cain, and I would go out home disconsolate, and go to work on my little farm, until they would send for me again, just like the Transcript did about three weeks ago, to come back and try it over.

During these times I have come to town in my two-horse wagon and gone down to Chess-Carley Company's and would buy at one time a barrel of coal oil and one of gasoline. I have gone there many times and never saw Dr. O'Mahony there; but hanging up on the wall of Chess-Carley Company's warehouse, was Dr. O'Mahony's inspection stencil, stating that this barrel had been tested and found to be of splendid proof, and was all hunky-dory generally, and the Doctor's name was signed to the bottom, and painted and brushed, that we all had to pay for, were setting convenient, and any nigger on the premises could put the Doctor's sworn certificate on any barrel in that house, when the Doctor had been on a jamboree for a month, and seeing snakes that double discounted the lay-out of the Cincinnati Zoo. Knowing the Doctor intimately as I did, I never relied upon the statement on the head of the barrel, but always stuck my nose to the bung hole to tell which was gasoline and which

coal oil, and put my private mark upon them.

Of course great corporations like the Chess-Carley Company never purposely do anything wrong. The people connected with them are always good and pious, else they would not get so rich; but it always seemed strange, under the circumstances, that there was any necessity for paying Doctor O'Mahony at all. But then the Doctor is an Irishman and a Catholic, and as he possibly could not make a living any other way, it would look like race discrimination, and religious persecution, not to give him an office. And you know I am in a fix to sympathize with any man who is persecuted for his religious convictions.

While the Transcript's compliment is a very high one to Judge Johnston and Colonel Gilman, there is a little fact, that I am sorry to say throws some little suspicion on its sincerity. It is simply a fact that it is a mere question of hoarse whether the Transcript boosts the Judge and the Colonel, or the reverse.

Nat long ago, when the Editor of the Transcript got wind of the fact that the Blue-Grass Blade was about to be resurrected by a stock company, he wrote me a postal to call and see him. His scheme was to get the Blue-Grass Blade men to put their money into the Transcript, and while he was to get sick for a month or two, or go off to the Springs, I, the most blatant prohibitionist in the State, was to assume the tripod of the Transcript, by ripping the saloon men up the back, like seven year leeches, and skinning the whole Court House ring until their own manning would not know them.

For a while he had the wool over my eyes, and stating the case as I understood it to two of my friends, Col. Bob Thornton and Dr. Coleman, they advised me to go into the arrangement, supposing that the Transcript's Editor had earnestly repented; but as soon as he suggested the boodle feature of his penitence, I saw the same old racket, and reported adversely to my backers.

The Transcript Editor has read Shakespeare, and he remembers that Iago said to Rodrigo, "Put money in my purse."

I suppose that no man can be any more earnest than I in praising Judge Johnston for this appointment of Colonel Gilman. I hope soon to see the day when no man but a saloon-keeper, or a drunkard, or somebody who is the avowed friend of whiskey, can get any office in this city or county, and I hope that Judge Johnston will appoint that kind every time. In these inebriate asylums they cure old drunkards by putting whisky in their bread, and meat, and butter, and vegetables, and molasses, and pie, and coffee, and tea, and milk, and water, and pouring some in their beds at night.

That's the only kind of treatment that will do Lexington any good.

I want drunken judges and jury-men, whisky swigging jailers, and policemen, clerks and firemen, and city weighers, and coal oil inspectors, with noses on them like premium beet; and I want the few Aldermen and Councilmen, who are not saloon-keepers or drunkards, fired out, and their places filled with men who talk English with a brogue, and say "them license" for a license.

Judge Johnston, you are my man. Luck to you, old fellow! Stick a saloon man into every place you can. You and your kind are doing for the sweet by-and-by than a regiment of George Bains and forty Blue-Grass Blades. We all see your wise policy through your ingenious disguise, and The Blade joins with the Transcript in glory-fying you.

A Buggy Lifting Machine.

Why not? The Saratoga trunk has now reached its maximum. It is so big that nothing short of an elephant is equal to the task of handling it easily. Great heaps of these trunks are piled mountain high upon a wagon, and then the railroad baggage handler is expected to transfer all to a train car carefully, tenderly, as if he were handling eggs. He does not do it, of course; he could not if he were an angel instead of a man, and he gets abused on all sides.

The baggage smasher wears out almost as soon as the trunks he is thought to take a fustian delight in breaking. No mortal man can endure the strain of lifting hundreds of huge, unwieldy trunks day after day, year after year, and no mortal man ought to be expected to stand it. Some sort of lifting machine ought to be rigged to raise trunks from the ground into the express wagons, and then to lift them again from the wagon at the railway station to the truck that carries them aboard the train. The machine should be attached to the wagon itself, and need not weigh much. It would save all the back-aching, all the back-breaking, and what is more the profane language indulged in by the truck men. Likewise it would save our pretty girls' big trunks, and they could still appear at summer resorts in all their flowerlike glory. A machine of this sort ought to be easy for some shrewd American to invent.

Tornado Loss.

In The Evening Post, John P. Finley sums up the attainments science has thus far made in the investigation of tornadoes. They may occur at any place in America east of the 103rd meridian, and at any time, though they are most common to the period from March 1 to the end of September. May is the worst month to the year for them. They form when warm, moist air begins to flow underneath a stratum of colder, dryer air. These whirl over and upon one another and produce the tornado.

There are several signs of a tornado's approach usually long enough beforehand for persons to protect themselves from it, as far as protection is possible. There are deathlike stillness and oppressive heat. Detached clouds scurry through the sky toward a common center. In the west and north-west appears a dense bank of black clouds. Sometimes is heard the roar of the wind in the vortex of the tornado cloud. The approaching tornado cloud of dust, rain, etc., is generated by the vortex of whirling air and is funnel shaped, with the small end toward the earth.

The tornado comes in the northwest and northeast and southeast. To run away from it one must travel in the direction opposite to that which it takes. Its usual time of appearing is the hottest part of the day, generally from 3:30 to 5 in the afternoon. Finally, no structure that mortal man can build is able to withstand its violence. The best houses in tornado regions are wooden ones, from the fact that when they fall they do not fall so heavily. Tornado caves such as that. Finley describes below will save lives, and should be attached to houses in regions where such storms are frequent. He recommends strongly tornado accident insurance policies for both life and property. Tornadoes average about 146 a year in this country, and occur just about as often as they have done ever since their number was first recorded.

The underground retreat is described as follows:

The tornado cave effect is to be made by life and limb, and no means of protection can be made for that purpose. This retreat may be constructed as a cave or as a dug out. In the former case an excavation is made in the west wall of the cellar, on a level with the floor, and is carried underground a distance sufficient to provide comfortable quarters for those who propose to occupy the cave. The overhanging earth must be supported by heavy timbers, and then arched over with masonry of brick or stone. This extra precaution concerning the roof is necessary to provide against any serious damage to it by falling timbers or heavy masses of debris. The excavation is made into the west wall, because the storm, always approaching from the west, will carry the debris away from that side. The cave out is a tornado cave not necessarily connected with any building. It is a house not furnished with cellar, and more over, a tornado cave is sometimes required where there are no buildings, or at least where they are not so situated as to make connection with the cave practicable.

The Mannerless Sex.

It is this that Oscar Fay Adams characterizes women in The North American Review. Has Mr. Adams, being an eastern man, never seen the men piling over one another to board a New York city elevated train morning and evening, and knocking both men and women out of the way, that makes the sweeping assertion that men in public would not be allowed to treat one another for half an hour as women habitually treat their own sex. If not, then Mr. Adams should go and look at them. No gorillas in an African jungle, no pigs tumbling over one another at a feed trough were ever more regardless of the rights of others. To follow Mr. Adams' own expression, such behavior would not be tolerated half an hour in any interior or western city. Yet it goes on unchecked, unrebuked even, day after day, year after year, in the metropolis of the United States.

Meanwhile, that the ladies may know just what Mr. Adams charges specifically against them, we copy the following items:

First—The indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in young women.

Second—The needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors are called upon her. Most commonly noticed among women who are no longer classed as girls.

Third—The unwillingness of a woman to wait for another to finish speaking before beginning to speak herself. Characteristic of nearly all women.

Fourth—Woman's failure to recognize the importance of an engagement. Most noticeable among women who have the fewest social duties.

Chicago, with the vast grain and animal producing region around her, the lake at her front and the lumber regions across and along the lake, looks confidently forward to the time when she will be the metropolis of the country and New York its seaport. London, say Chicagoans, is the largest city in the world, yet it is not much of a port. Liverpool is the seaport of England. Paris, with over two and one-quarter million inhabitants, is not a seaport. Neither is Berlin nor Vienna, each with a million and a quarter population. So what is to hinder Chicago from becoming the largest city in America?

The New York Australian ballot law has been in some small municipal elections. It is modified so that the names of the different sets of opposing candidates are printed on separate papers. The ticket the voter uses and that he rejects must both be deposited—one in the regular ballot box, the other in a receptacle for unused ballots.

The fact that there is a flourishing Methodist university in the heart of Utah, that it is even called Utah university, and above all that its president is Rev. Sam Small, is enough to make Brigham Young and all the Mormon salutes turn over in their graves and howl.

Minister Phelps is working manfully for the cause of American pork in Germany. Referring to a report that he contemplated resigning, Mr. Phelps writes home, "I don't want to go out of Berlin till the American hog comes in."

Ex-President Andrew D. White has made a great discovery. He announces in The Popular Science Monthly that some human skulls have been found at Cro Magnon and elsewhere and surrounding that indicate a lower order of civilization than that which now exists.

Stanley says of Emin Pasha: "He is continually in the mists, and it is useless to meddle with him."

There is one trust that is going to smash the record. That is the potato trust of New Jersey. It is now laying and shipping to the west thousands of bushels of potatoes.

There are few peaches, apples or pines east of the Pacific slope. The pear crop is a dead failure in most parts. But there will be cranberries without end. Let us take courage.

The free use of the pistol by some private detectives in the New York Central strike calls to mind a certain law of Indiana. This law prohibits the employment of private detectives in the suppression of industrial strikes.

The position of the British mechanic and trades unionist on the eight hour labor day is this: He goes in for it heartily, but he thinks it ought to come about through agreement between laborers and their employers themselves, and not by parliamentary legislation. This legislation he is opposed to.

Chicago has too much of only one thing, and that is her treacherous smoke nuisance. That is the trail of the serpent over all her beauty. Perhaps the natural gas which will come to the city through pipes now being laid will do much to suppress this. It ought to be suppressed if there is gas enough in the Indiana fields to do it.

Are we to have nothing left of old story and romance, absolutely nothing? It has been found that wherever in the desert of Sahara artesian wells are driven an abundance of pure, sweet water gushes forth, and vegetation springs up as by magic. The French are driving many of these wells, and planting palm trees which will in course of time yield a handsome revenue. These industrious French are also building a railway from Algeria into the heart of what was the desert of Sahara, but will soon be that no more. Besides that the same people are seriously preparing to wipe out the barbaric kingdom of Dahomey and annex it to France. Then France, too, will have something to show in the way of African conquests. But there will be no more Sahara, no more women warriors.

Should Women Propose?

This new question promises to become quite as interesting as the old one whether or marriage is a failure. In Bulwer's "Coming Race" it is the women who do the courting and pop the question. Among lions and sparrows alike it is the female who chooses the mate that is most agreeable to her. The lioness remains a true and faithful spouse to her chosen one for three years or thereabouts, naturalists say, then she shakes him and gets another one. She has the matter all in her own hands, or paws, and the lord of beasts has nothing to say about it.

Certain unrefined ladies in England, mindful of the ever increasing army of unwedded maids in the kingdom, now contend with much earnestness that women, not men, should do the proposing. Thus there would be more marriages and fewer old maids and bachelors, though considering the divorce courts it does not necessarily follow that that would be an improvement. Women would stand a better chance of getting the men they want, while men could only sit huskily by in a row and wait to be asked. Men have had a monopoly of popping the question for ages that are quite long enough, now let it be the other sex's turn, they say. There is one good result that might flow from this. The great mass of discontented and unhappy married ladies could not then blame their husbands for bringing them into misery. The misery would be of their own making.

A Bridge and Two Tunnels.

The project for building a bridge across the Hudson river between New York and Jersey City is rapidly taking shape. There is no reason, except the very interests, why a bridge and tunnel both should not be constructed between New York and Jersey. Even then the facilities for travel and traffic would be taxed. The tunnel is progressing quietly, not much being said about it. English capital is employed in it largely. Meantime the amount necessary to begin the construction of the great bridge has nearly all been subscribed and 10 per cent paid in. Railroad and bank officials have taken the major part of the stock.

Another project still more imposing has taken shape in the fertile brain of Mr. Erasmus Wiman. It is no less than a tunnel from Staten Island to Brooklyn. Brooklyn is now cut off directly from manufacturing interests, because of the expense and difficulty of communication with the rest of the world. A railroad from the southern extremity of the island at Arthur Kill will connect with the tunnel. The tunnel will cross New York bay at a point some distance above the Narrows, where the forts stand opposite each other, one on Long Island, the other on Staten Island. It will strike South Brooklyn at Bay Ridge.

This tunnel will afford direct communication with Long Island for eight trunk railway lines, and the freight on coal alone for Brooklyn and the island will pay the interest on the whole cost of the tunnel, \$4,000,000. German capital is said to be backing the scheme. The tunnel will have two tracks.

John L. Sullivan has a sense of humor quite unknown to himself. He used in the most solemn manner to introduce his little old father to strangers as "the only man on God's earth who ever licked me."

The Journalist makes this very significant comment on the new city editor of The New York Herald: "Heck seems to enjoy in a marked degree the confidence and esteem of the commodore. Whom the gods love die young."

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11 & 13 W. Main St.

The cool weather will soon be here. We are fixed for it with the largest stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

We have ever shown. Underwear for Men at 20, 25, 45, 48, up to \$1.24 each. Ladies Vests at 20, 25, 35, 45, 50, up to \$1.25 each. Children's Vests and Pants at all prices, from 8 cts. to \$1.00 each. Hosiery, all prices and grades. White Blankets, 75, 85, \$1.00, \$1.25, up to \$10.00 a pair. Bed Blankets, all wool, at \$2.50 pair. Full line of Comforts at lowest cash prices. Have just added a full line of Ladies' Black Dress Goods. Push and Cloth Cloaks. Infants and Children's Cloaks. "Nellie Bly" Caps at 50, 65, 95, to \$1.50. Belts, Girdles, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, &c. Clark's cotton, three spoons for 10 cts; Sewing silk at four cents per spool; Needles and Pins at one cent paper.

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IF YOU WANT THE BEST FLOUR USE

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BE SURE TO ORDER THAT BRAND MADE BY

LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS CO.,

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Heating Stoves & Furnaces!

Acorn Hard Coal Base Heaters Are Always The Best.

CARBON FAVORITE, a new soft coal BASE HEATER, is a fine stove. Our stock must be seen to be appreciated.

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And sell rapidly. If you want a Warm Air Furnace, get the BEST of us. No charge for estimates. Our stock is complete in all departments, and we sell as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call.

Respectfully,

VANCE & FEENEY,
20 WEST MAIN STREET.

POPULAR RESTAURANT

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

NOW BEING RE-FURNISHED.

The Phoenix Hotel Restaurant.

Shell Oysters, Game and Everything in Season.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Best in Lexington. J. H. DAVIDSON, Prop'r.

KIDD & GRAVES,

DEALERS IN

Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware

CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION,

MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING;

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools. Rope, Chain, Belting, Pumps, Churns, Saws, Coal Vases and all kinds of Fire Irons, Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods. Barbed and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.

56 & 58 E. Main St.

Telephone 184.

This advertising space is reserved

for one of the best men in the United States. He did not get his copy ready in time. You need not ask me who it is, cause I ain't going to tell, cause he wouldn't give me the advertisement if I did. He's built that way.

PRUDEN'S

Marble and Granite Works,

44 W. Main St., near Broadway.

LEXINGTON, . . . KENTUCKY.

CEMETERY WORK OF ALL KINDS

Neatly Executed.

All Orders Promptly Filled.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

To Those to Whom The Blade May Come—Greeting.

The price of THE BLADE is \$2 a year. Those who have agreed to take it will please send their money on receiving the first number. Beside those who have authorized it to be sent to them, it will go to the entire list to whom it formerly went.

Those to whom it thus comes, who wish to take it, will please forward the money for it at once. Those who do not wish to take it will please so notify the Editor, and those who are undecided, will please let it come to them only a reasonable length of time in which to decide, and if possible send to me a notice of their intentions.

I hope that all the old friends of THE BLADE, and any new ones that it may fortunately have made, will speak a good word for it when they can conscientiously do so, and that they will send me the names of any parties that they think would probably want it.

Fraternally Yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor

To the Stockholders of The Blue-Grass Blade.

You are hereby notified that there will be a meeting of the Stockholders of THE BLUE-GRASS BLADE in the Chamber of Commerce Room in this city, Wednesday night, at 8 o'clock, September 24th, for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors.

Persons who have subscribed for stock will please send or hand to the undersigned the amount of their subscription, and the certificates of stock will be furnished them.

Respectfully,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

Roger Q. Mills' Lexington Platform Committee.

On the stage at the Opera House here the other day, there were only seven men who represented Lexington. They were, taking them in the order in which the names occur in the Transcript, C. W. Foushee, C. J. Bronston, Thomas Shelby, R. S. Bullock, W. H. May, James Blackburn, W. P. Kimball and Pat Farrell.

One of them is a clear-cut, straight goods, all-wool, yard wide, and warranted-to-wash-without-fading gentleman of the old school, from way back.

Another one was the only white man of good standing that voted with a lot of bought-up negroes at a recent election. Two others of them are saloon-keepers. One other of them is interested in the liquor trade; two others are drunkards, and one other, I think a pretty free drinker.

Durned if I would speak with such a backing.

Shame on Lexington.

Mr. J. E. Keller and others lately picked up, in the night, out of the gutter of a Lexington street an old woman named Daisy, who was dead drunk and perfectly nude, ruffians probably having pulled off of her what little of her clothing she had not bartered for whiskey.

That woman was once some mother's darling, then some boy's sweetheart, then some baby's mother, and now the aged mother of a family.

If the good women of this town will combine their energies against this infamy that is being practiced upon one of their sisters, the day will yet come for Lexington, when that poor woman will be put in a charitable institution out of harm, and the man who would sell her liquor would be hit thirty-nine lashes at a whipping-post, and every member of a Council that voted to give a man license to sell liquor to her, will be put to cracking rock in the workhouse.

And that is the disposition that ought to be made of all the parties in question, to-day.

A Scholar and a brilliant Writer.

Our old friend C. C. Moore, of Lexington, will soon resurrect the Blue-Grass Blade, a paper that he twice started on the high road to fame and popularity. Charlie is an accomplished scholar and brilliant writer, and what he does not know about religion is fully made up by his wit and lovable qualities personally.

My Religion (?) and My Book, "The National View."

With a view to the final dismissal of the subject from the columns of THE BLADE, I want to make a candid reference to my religious opinions, which, though endorsed by some readers of THE BLADE, have been greatly disapproved by the great majority of its readers, so far as their sentiments have been made known to me.

Since getting off the tripod of THE BLADE, I have written "The National View," as an exponent of my religious opinions, supposing that it would effectually cut me off from any possibly successful participation in any subsequent journalism.

I have been gratified to find that this is not so, and that my

friends among orthodox religionists are still willing to condone what they consider a fault, or perhaps more accurately, a misfortune, in me, for the sake of the good that they believe I am honestly trying to do, in a line of thought which is in consonance with their own.

I think when my friends understand it they will see with me that the publication of my book has been fortunate as regards my labors in the cause of Prohibition.

I have long felt a moral obligation resting upon me to express fully in print my convictions about the great subject of religion, and now having done this in a concise and compact form in a book, much more accurately than I could in a newspaper, or in personal conversation, I feel disposed entirely to dismiss the subject, feeling that I can do so without any compromise of my convictions, and thanking my orthodox religious friends for a generosity which has led them frequently to express their willingness that I should entertain my convictions if I would not use the columns of my paper to express them.

This last, I think they may rest assured I will not do, not only because the writing of my book has done away with any necessity for it, but because I am tired of the mental and physical labor of a discussion for which, according to my own admissions, there is no longer any occasion.

An old man who got tired of prying according to the usual formula, got a copy of the Lord's prayer and hung it at the head of his bed. Every night then he simply pointed to it and said: "Lord, there is my sentiments," and jumped into bed. Even so the book expresses my "sentiments," and anybody that cares to know them must take the pains to read it. It is pretty strong medicine—perhaps more ultra than Rationalistic thinkers generally. But the same impulse that makes me put all my might and soul and strength in the Prohibition cause, I believe in that at all, makes me put into my book all the energy of which I am capable.

As to such Biblical abstractions as tax our faith, or credulity, or capacity to comprehend, it will make not a snap's difference to me whether the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah swallowed the whale, or they swallowed each other; nor will I care whether any man swallows, or fails to swallow, the story about them. But all the moral traditions of my nature are based upon the code of the Great Nazarene, to whom I recognize all obligation for his impress for good upon the age and country in which I live, and with the greatest reverence and love for the great author of that code, I will quote and apply its precepts as being binding and authoritative in this country among Christians and Rationalists, just as I would quote Copernicus as authority in astronomy, Euclid in mathematics, or Webster in the orthography, or etymology of the English language.

From long familiarity with the New Testament Scriptures, it becomes natural to me to express my moral conception in its phraseology, and thus I may often have occasion to do in speaking of the inconsistencies between faith and practice, but it will always be done in earnestness and sincerity. Further than to make some notice of my book in the future, possibly, for advertisement, just as I would any other book, this may be regarded as a final dismissal of a question that has occasioned solicitude among my friends.

REV. HIRSH FORD, Prohibition Candidate for Congress for the Seventh District.

At the Prohibition Convention at Georgetown, September 15th, Rev. Hiram Ford was unanimously nominated as the candidate for Congress from this district. There was the greatest satisfaction expressed, publicly and privately, by the members of the Convention.

In the judgment of THE BLADE, Mr. Ford is an ideal man for the position. He is a minister in the Christian Church, and is, besides, a successful farmer in Scott County. He has made a competency as a farmer, and on that calling has relied principally for his living, the pecuniary emoluments from his clerical labors apparently having been but a secondary consideration. He is sixty years old, but retains the physical and intellectual vigor of a man whose life has been characterized by temperance and moderation.

He is tall and sparely built, dresses in good taste, and is, in manner and personal appearance, an exceedingly attractive man.

As an orator he has none of the flashy swagger and superficial ad captation that is in vogue in the two dominant parties, which is intended and calculated

principally to influence those who can be better swayed by emotion and unthinking partisanship. He addresses himself most pleasantly and forcibly to the higher rational and moral qualities of men.

He has never taken any part in politics except to make some Prohibition speeches. The delegates who came from the Northern part of the District where Mr. Ford is most intimately known, in their endorsement of his nomination speak of him as a man in whose morals and sound business and political judgment the people have such confidence that they receive with the greatest satisfaction any measure that he recommends.

The Blade not only gives Mr. Ford its unqualified endorsement, but asks that the people of this country will do themselves, Mr. Ford, and it, the kindness, not to say justice, to inquire about Mr. Ford and see him and hear him before they next cast their votes for Congressmen. We do not want you to take any prejudiced view of the Democratic candidate who will oppose him, but setting down naught in malice and naught extenuating; smu up the record of the Democratic candidate, all that is known and all that is suspected, for and against him; consider the moral influence he exerts in our society and the importance of the issues to which he is welded, and then find out all about these things in the life and character of Mr. Ford, and conscientiously vote for the higher character and the one whose views, if carried to perfection, would conduce to the greatest prosperity and happiness of our country.

It is simply a foregone conclusion as to what would be the relative merits of the two gentlemen.

By unanimous consent, in the sense that rhetoric and finished diction constitute eloquence, Col. Breckinridge would be Mr. Ford's superior, or the superior of almost any man in the nation; but when that is said, all is said that can be said for Colonel Breckinridge's side of the question, and in every other regard Mr. Ford would not only be his superior, but immensely his superior.

The Democratic managers here, who are not the men of worth and dignity in the party, have seemed to think that we all ought to be happy to shine in the reflected glory of Colonel Breckinridge's brilliant oratory in the great cities of the East.

But when farmers, looking around at the degrading farming interests of this country, and men of every other department of business, except professional Democratic politicians, see that all interests here are based upon agriculture, and remember that Colonel Breckinridge has only taken any part in agricultural interests by voting for free hemp and to retain the tariff on sugar—a two-edged sword that cuts the farmer going and coming—it does seem to me that a man who had made a nice fortune at farming, from a small beginning, ought to be some closer to the hearts of farmers than a man who can't pay his debts, though he had a good farm given him.

Then add to all this the fact that while Colonel Breckinridge left the pulpit to be one of sixteen Congressmen who voted to force the liquor traffic upon Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and others, that had said they did not want the traffic in their borders, while ninety-six Congressmen voted against Colonel Breckinridge, all this time Mr. Ford, from his pulpit and on his farm, has patiently labored like a moralist and a Christian hero to free our State from the liquor iniquity that Colonel Breckinridge wants to uphold, though he knows that whiskey has debauched his confederates, who with him represent us at Washington, and is making the very name of Kentucky a hissing and a by-word in the months of proper-thinking men, from Maine to Texas.

If the people would rebuke this cowardly and infamous pandering to the gin stingers that Colonel Breckinridge's vote signifies, by defeating him overwhelmingly by this high-toned and noble man, who could not descend to anything so base and grovelling, the welkin would ring with a solid acclamation of praise to "Old Kentucky," from the snow-clad mountains of Vermont to the sunny waves at Galveston.

The rum seller, the whiskey-blot, and the ungrammatical ward politician in Lexington would be rebuked; but there is hardly a President or Professor of any College, male or female, in this city, any minister or physician in the city or country, or any of those noble women of the W. C. T. U., or any of those women leaders of the public charities of Lexington who would not, in their heart of hearts, thank God for what had taken place.

The Federal Election Bill.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge and Grand Master Workman Powderly discuss in The North American Review Mr. Lodge's famous national election bill. Mr. Lodge says his bill simply provides for the appointment of United States officers, selected from the two leading political parties, to watch over and report upon naturalization, registration, the conduct of the congressional election, the count of the ballots, and the certification of the members. These officers have no power to interfere. Their only duty is to protect the honest voter, secure evidence to punish wrong doers and make public every fact in connection with the election.

The whole purpose of the law may be summed up in one word—"publicity." When on petition of a hundred persons in any city of 20,000 inhabitants or upward, or petition of fifty persons in any congressional district that has no town of 20,000 inhabitants or upward, the law goes into effect, then the chief supervisor of elections appoints deputy supervisors and other officers. These make returns of the election to a United States board of canvassers, and it issues a certificate to the candidate who from these returns seems to be elected. In case their candidate is not the same as the one declared elected by the local authorities, then of course the certificate of the national board takes precedence, and their candidate is declared elected. Still, the defeated man has recourse to the circuit court of the United States.

Such are the leading provisions of what has been called the "Force bill."

Mr. Lodge says of it: "The president of the United States has from the beginning of the government had power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the United States, and this power was explicitly conferred many years ago in that portion of the Federal Statutes which now comes under the title 'civil rights.' The present bill neither takes away from the president his power, nor does it take away from the courts the power to enforce the laws of the country. It merely adds to the power of the president the power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the country."

The real objection to the bill comes from the fact that one of the two great parties believes that free elections impair their power. They know that the bill will take away from them the power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the country, and they know that the bill will take away from them the power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the country. They know that the bill will take away from them the power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the country, and they know that the bill will take away from them the power to use the army and navy in support of the laws of the country.

Master Workman Powderly is opposed to the Federal election law for many reasons. One is that it will give too much power to the nine chief supervisors, one for each judicial district in the Union. Each of the nine will be able to dictate the nominations of his party in his district. Mr. Powderly, belonging to neither political party, says:

"The fault does not lie with the people, and their rights should not be infringed. There is not one man in the Union who is not a citizen, and who is not entitled to the same rights as the others. The bill will take away from the people the power to elect their own representatives, and will give the power to a few men who will be able to dictate the nominations of his party in his district. Mr. Powderly, belonging to neither political party, says:

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The Technical High School.

The human race having stuffed itself with books till one-half of the civilized community is sheer idiotism, and the other half must take to spectacles before it is middle aged, now begins to find that perhaps it has had too much of a good thing. Instead of cultivating all the powers alike it has cultivated the memory alone, and has learned all its school lessons simply with a view of remembering them long enough to recite them. That done the book learning fades out of the person's mind, and leaves him nearly as well off as it found him before he began to be learned.

What a man learns with his hand and eye, however, stays by him, and he is only half a man that is like the German professor who understood fourteen languages, but had to call his wife to nail a plank upon the garden fence where a pig had rooted it off.

We begin to understand that when things must be through the eye and hand to the brain, and that the eye and hand must first be educated or much that comes after is useless. With this knowledge has come, in response to a universal want, the technical high school. It begins where the grammar school leaves off. It teaches the child geometry, algebra, physics, political economy, etc. But its main—perhaps best—teaching is manual. The student learns technical drawing and wood and metal work and practical mathematics. When he leaves the technical high school one year's special training will enable him to take a high place in any of the mechanical or scientific walks of life. He is educated all around.

This is the high school of the future, the one that must supersede the present public high school, with its Latin, Greek and ancient history. Private technical high schools have been established in various parts of the country. The Pratt Institute of Brooklyn is an excellent type. Others of the same kind are the manual training schools of Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. These schools are so crowded that it is impossible to accommodate all the pupils that apply to some of them, even though tuition must be paid in them, while the public high school is free. It shows merrily the drift of popular sentiment, and the public high schools must sooner or later adapt themselves to this sentiment.

Speaker Reed.

The picturesque Maine campaign, which resulted in returning Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed to congress with renewed éclat, has set the world talking of him again. It is not generally known, but Speaker Reed was educated for the ministry. He was a poor lad, poor in all but brain and body power. He was profoundly religious, and the Congregational church of Portland proposed to educate him for the ministry. He agreed to it, and the church sent him to Bowdoin college. But while learning was going into his head theology was coming out of it, and when Tom Reed graduated he informed the church that had paid for his schooling that his opinions had changed so that he could no longer consent to be a preacher. However, he paid the money they had lent him all back scrupulously, so that although a light was lost to the Congregational church the money it had spent on the youth was not wasted. Reed became a lawyer noted for wit and, like many big-boned men, also for indolence. He was often said of him that Tom Reed would make a great man if he were not so lazy. He appears to have been waked up since he went to congress, however.

He is a poor man and always has been, so far as money is concerned, never even keeping a carriage, which is the touchstone of a congressman's social standing. In the house he became noted for his wit. In his maiden speech he gave a man who interrupted him a taste of his quality in a biting repartee. Then he remarked:

"And now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid number of my speech, I proceed." Other biting sayings have been recorded. Once an opponent raised an eloquent passage with the quotation: "I would rather be right than be president." Instantly Reed turned to him and shouted:

"You will never be either."

His opponents might take a lesson from his unflinching good humor. He is said to wear "a smile like a policeman's club." He is the strictest sort of a party man, and does not believe in letting down the bars to admit any outsiders. Once he said of trying to conciliate the Prohibitionists in Maine:

"Now, don't let us go fooling after them. Our best way not to suit everybody, but we are trying pretty snug and altogether harmonious and comfortable. If you begin trying to stretch the blanket so it will cover this and that outsider the first thing you know you will split the middle, or you will pull it off some of your own people and the other side of the bed, and have their legs sticking out in the cold."

A large number of Hungarians lately left this country to return to their native land permanently. They said they could live as well there as they do here for far less money, while they do not have to work so many hours a day in Hungary. It is a fact that Americans work harder than any other civilized people. But what of it? This is a great country.

With all the British money invested in America, and with the Canadian Pacific company in control of a railway through the United States from Detroit to San Francisco, war between us and England would be a very twisted up affair.

Cheerful extract from a private letter from Washington state: "Two horse thieves were hanged on Hangman's creek the other day, and two more were drowned in Medford lake last week."

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provoked from me highly appreciative smiles in some instances, when, according to my recollection, I have been the butt of his shafts.

But streams do not rise higher than their source. Judge Mulligan owes his promotion to a fortune attained by inheritance from a liquor traffic on Vine Street—a street so disreputable that his brother Catholic Irishman, Capt. Barney Treacy, is nobly co-operating with his fellow-Catholicism, Simrall, the scion of "blue-stocking" Presbyterianism, to call a halt on the enormities there, that walk abroad at noonday and waste at night the once fair fame of this city. Men praise the bridge that carries them over, and any dissertation upon the evils of the whisky traffic in this city would roll off him as ineffectually as water from a duck's back.

But can it be possible that such high-toned Democrats as have given their money to support this paper, have in memory run over the record of Commonwealth's Attorney Bronston, when they have selected him lately to represent us in the present Constitutional Convention of this State? I do not believe it. If anything makes a Democrat it is to have fought for Dixie, and none of the men now most prominent as the leaders of the Democratic party in this city, which gives color to the Democratic party of the whole State, with one exception perhaps, ever fired a gun for the "Lost Cause."

The cohorts that rise as solid as the phalanxes of the first Napoleon,—the "Mulligan Guard"—of our bright State Senator,—belong to that list of patriots who, as political exiles from their own country, came here and, for the noble incentive of thirteen dollars a month, shot against the high-toned Democrats of this city, and the first are now, *par excellence*, the Democratic party of this city.

And yet these alien born citizens would have us involve this country in a foreign complication by trying to secure "home rule" for Ireland, and I have been one of the many who have felt and expressed sympathy for them.

I do not believe that these officers hold their eminent positions in the Democratic party, because such men as Judge Hunt, James M. Graves, Captain Nicholas, Robert Thornton, A. B. Chinn, L. C. Price, J. B. Simrall, A. S. Winston and others who fought under the "Bonnie Blue Flag," want them there any more than I do.

They have heard me, in the most unqualified terms, express my infinite disgust at the idea, and then have furnished the "sinews of war" because they believed I would honestly and earnestly inaugurate a crusade against it.

If Mr. Bronston's record were a thing known only to street talk, this community might be pardoned for the sanction of his course that they have expressed by the honors repeatedly heaped upon him. But they have been published in the Democratic newspapers of this city, and *The Blade*, in its wilful career here, has told of others in no uncertain terms.

It is thoroughly distasteful to me to revive and revamp these things; but as a citizen of this Commonwealth I feel humiliated and disgraced, and that this man has his foot upon my neck, and I propose to use every just and honorable means, not only to release myself from the ignominious thralldom, but so to set him in the right light before this people, that so far from being sent to represent us in Washington, as has been proposed, against the immaculate Sweet William of the "silver tongue," Mr. Bronston aforesaid shall not be able to get the position of official dog-pelter in the city of Lexington.

Men will often talk when they will not back their sentiments with their money, but if the men who are backing *The Blade* will use their tongues with half the earnestness and liberality that they have their money, the day will be when even such poor, abandoned wretches as Will Hilder and W. D. Bryant, and Reverends Felix and Mathews, and Beatty and Bain, and I—men whose chief aim has been that they believed in Prohibition—will at least have such political influence as to demand that our votes shall be recorded for the men for whom we vote, and those of Rev. Mathews and Prohibition Chairman Hilder shall not be made to endorse Saloon-keeper Sullivan, on the dirty floor of whose saloon the blood of a murdered man was scarcely dry.

There is no use of dealing in glittering generalities when the words are full of hard-pan facts with the names and dates attached.

While I am not personal for

the sake of provoking anger; am a non-resistant to the last limit of its practicability, and a coward according to the "code" of the country in which I live, I am not so white-livered as to be afraid to maintain my convictions at any cost. In the fifty-two years of my life I have never had occasion to offer violence to any man. Any man may call me a coward that wants to, but though I have had some "close calls," nobody has yet seen my face turn pale with fear, and I can remember in my own defense that when others stood back through fear, I swam in a drowning man that I had never seen before, and when we got ashore I was almost as near dead as he was, but I saved him.

It is embarrassing, in these days of expensive timorals, for a man who, like me, has not a life insurance policy, to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," but until some fellow scares me worse than I have ever been yet, that is just what the readers of *The Blade* may look for.

Mr. Bronston is the recognized head of that faction of the Democratic party here which is so far in the ascendancy that the more moral element of the party are as impotent as if they were Women Suffrage Prohibitionists. He receives their glorification, and it is but justice that the vicious iniquities of them all should be laid upon him. Added to this is the fact that in the position of Commonwealth's Attorney, the community has a right to look to him as an exemplar of private and public morals, and any obliquity in these that gets to be a matter of general repute, whether through the public prints or otherwise, is a just theme of journalistic criticism.

Chinning this as my right, therefore, I address myself to this duty in certain features of his record which are publicly known.

In a house on East Main Street in this city, which was of such a character that it has been, since then, abated as a nuisance, Mr. Bronston used a pistol to resist an officer. He was at the time, Commonwealth's Attorney, one of whose duties is to prosecute those who carry concealed weapons.

On another occasion I saw him and Senator Mulligan occupying a public room in the Court House here, surrounded by a body of roughs, issuing money to buy votes to elect Mr. Foushee Mayor of the city of Lexington. I forget whether it was a primary or a regular election, but think it was the former. In this city, however, the nomination at a Democratic primary is regarded as equivalent to an election.

Messrs. Bronston and Mulligan each had a pistol in an open drawer before them, and were paying out the money of Mr. Foushee to the men who stood before them, who were to go out and buy votes with it, with no more appearance of conscientious compunction than if they were paying tellers at one of our hand-some city banks.

The room they occupied was not rented as a private office, but is that which is used as a Chamber of Commerce, and doubtless it would have been held by the parties of the first part as against the Chamber of Commerce or any other body of gentlemen who may have wanted the room in which to transact the business of the county.

I can only remember two of the gang that they had around them to receive the money. One was a saloon-keeper, prominent in politics here, and the other was the son of another saloon-keeper, and is either a man or the brother of a man who has since killed a man in a saloon brawl, and is now a fugitive from justice.

Had these gentlemen been engaged in trying to elect a superior Democrat over an inferior one, the case would not have been so bad, but they were helping Mr. Foushee to beat the Hon. Claude Johnson, and succeeded in their purpose.

Lexington is called the Athens of the West, and was once the cradle of learning for all the Western country. Her colleges and schools are her chief ornaments, and Dr. Robert Peter, one of the stockholders of this paper, who has been longest associated with these schools, is the only man in Kentucky who is recognized as an authority among the scientists of Europe. Dr. Peter could not get to be a Magistrate in Fayette County to save his soul from the devil.

With the literary prestige of Lexington, ordinary competency and intelligence would have dictated that the Mayor of Lexington should be a finished scholar.

Mayor Foushee has his own language sufficiently well to swear in good English, while ex-Mayor Claude Johnson, who had already put more competency into the Majority of Lexington than

any man it ever had, is an accomplished man, versed in the usages of elegant society, and the son of a woman who is one of the brightest ornaments of this State.

On one occasion the elegant and affable Charles D. Jacob, Mayor of Louisville, was here, with his Chief Engineer, to advise us about a sewer system, and he and Mayor Foushee were put face to face in the Mayor's office, Moses Kaufman, one of the most cultivated men in the city, who was present as an Alderman, said it made him blush.

But Mr. Foushee's sons are liquor dealers and Mr. Mulligan's father is a saloon-keeper, and this is the bond of union.

Mr. Foushee is perhaps a good artisan and has succeeded in business. I honor Putnam, and Roger Sherman, and Franklin, and Eliza Burritt, and Lincoln, who came from the plow, the shoemaker's bench, the printing press, the anvil, and the mallet and wedge, to reflect glory upon this country; but they didn't swear in bad grammar; and if Mayor Foushee in his "twenty years eating out of a tin bucket" as a painter, as he told me, had accomplished himself as those grand models had, I should have put it to his credit that he did it through adversity, and should have been for him in preference to Mr. Johnson or any other petted child of fortune. Nor do I now blame him for being in this position so much as I do the accomplished scholar and orator, Charles J. Bronston, for putting him there.

In some of last pages of the old "Blue back spelling book," I learned some of my religion while the boys around me were studying the catechism. There I learned a moral which through life has stuck to me closer than a brother, or a "gray back." It was that good Tray got beaten because of the company he kept.

On one election day in this city I saw in one carriage, evidently in pursuit of a common purpose, four men. They were the Honorable C. J. Bronston and Preston Kimball, and Dr. Robinson and Mat Benckart. Dr. Robinson is the proprietor of the saloon that was kept by Sullivan, lately elected to office here, and, for a killing in which, Dr. Robinson was lately fined one dollar and costs, which in justice to Dr. Robinson I must say I think was excessive, as killing is the natural and legitimate result of the saloon business, and this business is licensed and sanctioned by the city. Dr. Robinson was also for a while the proprietor of a saloon on Short Street, from which I, as a reporter, know of four instances of bloodshed. None of them were serious. I reported the first one for the Transcript, and was ordered out of the saloon for so doing when I went to hear of the second one. The third one I reported to the Transcript when I was a reporter for that paper. Its editor suppressed the publication, and the fourth one I never reported at all, because I knew it would not be published.

Mat Benckart was at the time a Councilman of this city. He kept a grocery and saloon. When I was getting up a petition to the Council to have the houses of ill-fame put off of a street along which the boys and girls had to walk in going to three big schools, Mr. Benckart declined to sign the petition on the ground that the women who occupied the houses complained of, were his patrons.

I presented this petition to nearly all worthy people, black and white, male and female, that lived on that street, and there was only one other who did not sign it. He was a prominent business man who does business on "silk-stocking row." He has frequently acted as usher in finding seats for my wife and myself in one of the popular churches of the city.

He assigned the same objection that Mr. Benckart did, namely, that the women complained of were his patrons. I did not ask him if he was theirs.

The Honorable Preston Kimball is of a highly bibulous temperament, but he is my friend, and with all of his faults I love him still. He has been kind enough to laugh at newspaper jokes of mine over which I had pored in the silent watches of the night, when other people had read them without cracking a smile. If there is anything that touches the heart of a newspaper man it is this.

Not long ago the Honorable Kimball, while Representative from this county and now a member of the Democratic Committee of this district, got on a jaunt, as reported by his organ, *The Press*, and while prospecting around on Limestone, fell afoul of Tuck Jones, a saloon keeper. Bro. Jones took his pistol away from him and gave him a thrashing that put him to

bed for two weeks with beef-steaks to his eyes.

The more I think of that little incident the more I am opposed to this indiscriminate berating of saloon-keepers by temperance people. Little facts of this kind show that there are some good men among them.

I don't know what is the bond of union between Bro. Jones and me, but it is a fact that for years we have always saluted each other with a deferential bow every time we have met. Like myself, he is not one of that style of physical beauty that Dart would be likely to select as a model for a maserine "Triumph of Chastity," but my gallant friend, Colonel Bob Thornton, who as much as any other has contributed to the launching of this literary craft, speaks kindly of Mr. Jones, and having met him soon after reading an account of the episode with my friend Kimball, I most cordially shook hands with him.

But the crowning act in the career of Mr. Bronston, which, more than any other, has antagonized the sentiment of justice in the minds of the people of this county, is his recent participation in the election that voted a railroad tax upon this community.

The cry of Democracy hitherto has been that it was necessary to buy the negro vote in order to keep the Republicans out of power. Now, however, Mr. Bronston is generally recognized as having been the ringleader of that faction of the Democratic party which has bought the votes of negroes and other non-tax-paying persons, in order to foist upon the tax-payers of this county a tax for the building of a railroad in which it is generally understood and undisputed that Mr. Bronston and his satellites are all stockholders.

It is a tenet of the most competent of Democratic thinkers that the Fifteenth Amendment, that gave the suffrage franchise to the negro, was a political enormity, and it is the consensus of the competent of almost every school that the best political polity would limit, rather than extend, the suffrage franchise; and yet Mr. Bronston, while claiming to be an exponent of Democracy, is not only willing that the negro should vote, but he selects the most degraded of them to do the voting, and through his emissaries makes them drunk, so that they will have even less than their ordinary intelligence, and then pays them to vote against the almost solid protests of the very men who give tone and dignity to the Democratic party. If these gentlemen ever again do anything to promote Mr. Bronston's political success, or connive at it in others, they are bigger fools than Thompson's colt, and are unworthy the heritage of freedom.

The disgraceful details of this manipulation of the negroes against the tax-payers of the county will be reserved for a chapter in a subsequent issue of *The Blade*.

I am a railroad man, and am willing to pay my part of the tax that may be voted to build them, when such tax is voted by those who will have to pay the tax, but there is no safety for the business interests of the county and city, when a ring of this kind, with one of their number in the Legislature to put through any kind of a charter, wishes to declare a dividend among themselves by voting a railroad subsidy on the people, or any other kind of a scheme that they may devise, and to carry which it is only necessary for them to roll a few barrels of whiskey from their private stores or from the common fund of the party, and send around their emissaries to call the negroes from the harvest fields of us "hayseeds," who now, at best, under the management of our representatives at Washington, can hardly dole out an existence.

Which is sweeter, rectified sugar or free sugar?

It has been rectified and sugar in the senate and pistols and coffee in the house.

"Maine ought to stop voting in September. It is a bad season of the year," says *The Boston Herald*.

South Carolina! The eyes of the country are upon you. Your farmers have won in politics. Now we shall see what they can do.

If Suet, the Italian starver, who is now in this country, can induce some of our fat men to follow his example a while it will help their looks amazingly.

The Republican Philadelphia Press says: "The Republican majority of the senate by its policy of delay, dilatory proceedings and surrender is responsible for whatever loss there is in the widespread Republican enthusiasm which succeeded Speaker Reed's bold, brilliant and successful policy in the house."

Useless Big Ships.

Now for a good many years we have been hearing about the scantiness and helplessness of the American navy, contrasted with the power and strength of European war fleets. The tremendous size and thundering cannon power of the monstrous battleships of Italy and England have been periodically set before us till we all know about them. Oh, yes, we all know about them.

But now an appalling secret has leaked out. Through Capt. Lord Charles Boscawen, of the British navy, we learn that so far as England is concerned, these great whales of ships that have cost a mint of money are no good on earth. They do to in harbors and make a fine show when Emperor Billy visits his grandmother, but that is all.

Some of them would not hold together long enough to cross the Atlantic if the weather should be a bit rough. They can make no speed at all, and they burn in one month fuel enough to warm all the poor in London for an indefinite time. So far as battering down New York is concerned they are as harmless as a popgun. Let us breathe once more. The English newspapers are commenting severely on these "startling facts."

But they make Americans feel comfortable. Eriessan always contended that small swift ships which could be easily handled were the most formidable for war, and it looks as if he was right. Our moderate sized new cruisers are in the right direction.

John Burns, who desires to be the world's labor leader, made a great mistake at the Liverpool trades union congress. He took no pains to conciliate or obtain the good will of anybody. He launched his thunderbolts at the heads of even his associates who crossed his will without mercy. The only real progress ever made must be accomplished through harmony and good will, and civility is a debt we owe to every human being.

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